

**SPECIAL HARVEST ISSUE**

# THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

## BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES



### Psalm 126

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter; and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

## Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, John 6: 28-40. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." These words of Jesus have helped numberless souls into the light and liberty of Salvation. Resting their faith on this glorious promise, even the vilest sinners have ventured to the Saviour's feet, received His free forgiveness, and gone forth to "sin no more."

"Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!  
When in Thy word we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just."

Monday, John 6: 41-59. "I am the living bread." The Saviour did not compare Himself to a luxury, something which wealth alone could secure, but to bread, a simple necessity which all must have to sustain life. Bread, too, is suitable for everyone, rich and poor, young and old, something for which we never outgrow our need. The Saviour wants to be to our souls what bread is to our bodies—daily food for daily need.

Tuesday, John 6: 60-71. "Will ye also go away?" How sad the Saviour must have felt when He saw these disciples, one after another, turn back from following Him. Let us determine that He shall never grieve thus on our account. To forsake the companionship of Jesus is to turn from light to darkness, from Heaven to Hell.

Wednesday, John 7: 1-13. "Neither did His brethren believe in Him." So Jesus was misunderstood even by His nearest and dearest, but He went on with His ministry just the same. If those in your home are against you because of your religion, remember the Son of God understands your position, and will give you love beyond that withheld by earthly friends. His presence can soothe and comfort and help you to return good for evil.

Thursday, John 7: 24-27. "If any man will to do His will, he shall know." (R.V.). If you are troubled with doubts, set yourself to do His will as far as you can, and He will strengthen you. His strength I will do this." Then little by little the way will be opened before you, and doubts, like clouds, will clear away, and the light will shine.

Friday, John 7: 28-39. "I know Him who is the Father, and I know Him who is the Son." The Saviour had practically the whole of the religious and political world against Him, and most of His followers were poor, ignorant people. Yet He was strong because He knew God, His Father, and believed in His mission. We, too, shall be strong for God, in our little corner, if like Jesus, we can truly say, "I know Him."

Saturday, John 7: 40-53. "Never man spake like this man." The words of Jesus help and comfort men today even as they did His first hearers, because there is a living power in them—the Breath of God Himself. This is why they speak to us at every time and in every circumstance of life. They are not merely beautiful thoughts, but living and life-giving truths, direct from the mind and heart of the eternal Son of God.

## A "Drive" Sermon

An old local preacher selected for his text, "Jesus sent the devils out of the man, and they entered into the swine. And the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choked." This was how he decided his subject: Firstly, when the devil can't drive men, he will drive pigs. Secondly, when the devil drives, he drives furiously. And, lastly, when the devil drives, he drives to a bad market.

## A Stirring Salvation Story in Two Parts

# A JELLY FISH

By Edward J. Burgate

(PART TWO)



Dad listened in silence for the most part, just an explanation there, and a smile here, a word or a question, and at the end he understood it all—and cared.

Fred knew it, too, and in his heart he felt he could almost try a seventeenth venture now that somebody knew his story; and Dad's pat on the back, and "God will help you" stayed with him all that day, and as he came up to the Hall at night he felt not quite so lonely as he had done before, and not quite so timid about looking people in the face.

Dad Happy was in his accustomed seat, at the side of the usual week-night square of forms, and Fred was just inside the Hall, that is, down by the big curtain which was used to lessen the big Hall's spaciousness on week-nights.



Stumbled over the harbour edge on to the low-tide mud and stones below.

Brother Harsh's sniff did not hurt quite as much as usual, and Bandsman Hope did not swing past quite as indifferently as on other occasions; at least, that was how it appeared to Fred; but, perhaps, that was because Dad Happy had given him a nod as he passed, and asked him to come a "few seats nearer," and was smiling at him now from his place at the front.

Whatever it may have been, it was, at least, Fred felt it so, that smiling old face that encouraged him again at the end of the Meeting, and in spite of the hardly-veiled disgust of some of the congregation, and the half-uttered sigh of the Captain, he knelt again at the old Form, and that for the seventeenth time.

They did not trouble to go through the formality of taking his name and address; but, somehow or other, he had a feeling, more strong than ever he had known it before, that his name was written down somewhere, and old Dad's fresh hand-shake seemed to confirm it.

Nobody else spoke to him; the Captain turned away to speak to the Treasurer; the Sergt-Major was already getting ready to go, and Fanny Castle, the hall-keeper with the sharp tongue but kindly soul, was turning out the lights; and though he gave them all a chance to speak, and they did not take it, he did not feel so much alone this time.

God and Fred were at last united, and Dad was going to see to his share in the business.

Fred felt almost afraid to venture out the next morning, but at last he managed it; and although his mother had stormed, and his father had sworn, he did thank

God that, so far, he hadn't "broke it." The faults of his mates were just as severe, their petty cruelties just as galling, but still Fred smiled on, and, later on in the day, when he met Dad Happy down by the harbour wall, he was still victorious.

And so the happy months slipped by—sometimes just a wee shade less cheerful than at others, but Fred and Dad were on their metal, and if Fred felt he was gaining ground, Dad felt he was no less responsible for keeping him going.

He alone of all the Soldiers knew of the struggles that went on, and it was only to him that Fred told of the bitter persecution at home, loved at sea. Of the nights of long agony in the fishing-boat full of godless mates, of the night when they threw him half overboard, of the time when they forced the rum between his teeth, and of Fred's fear that this last might mean the breaking of his

"Articles of War." If Fred felt a little bit of proprietorship on the night when Fred was sworn-in, well, it was excusable. Even Brother Harsh forgot to grumble that night, and Sergt-Major Old rubbed his hands gleefully, and did a happier skip than usual; while Treasurer Steady lifted his eyebrows in his pleasant manner as he remarked that "Fred Milton was turning out right after all!"

### His share of the victory

But Dad Happy knew more about it than any of them; and how he thanked God for his share of the victory. And if the Locals bubbled over, what about Fred? Ah, he could not keep back the tears as he thought of God's goodness to him, and remembered, that, after all, he wasn't quite a "jelly-fish."

And, then, the end. The same old harbour-side, and the same jeering, persecuting mates, and Fred walking along by the edge of the quay.

No thought of greater danger than usual; but just as he was about to step over a rope which lay across the quay, one of those persecuting mates, seeing a chance for a little "fun," pulled it taut, and—Fred stumbled over the harbour edge, down on the low-tide mud and stones below, knocking his poor head against the side as he fell.

Friendly hands were soon on the spot, conscience-stricken mates helped to carry him hurriedly to the hospital. Somebody ran to tell the Captain, and he, in turn, hurried to tell Dad—for everybody recognised his guardianship; and together they hurried off, only to be told that nobody could then see the stricken lad.

That was on Friday afternoon, and on the following Sunday, just a glorious sun-gilded summer evening, a message came from the hospital, and leaving the Open-Air Meeting (down at the same harbour side, and surrounded by a crowd of summer visitors), the Captain and Dad Happy sped off to the place where Fred was dying.

They knelt by the side of the bed and gazed at the poor mangled face, the cruelly bandaged head, and waited for just one look of recognition, but none came. Then, despite the remonstrances of the attendant nurse, Dad took the poor, almost lifeless hand in his, and lovingly smoothed and caressed it. He'd give a lot for a word from his boy now.

Something caused Fred to open his eyes, and give one smile at the old man, who, unable to restrain himself longer, said:

"Well, Fred, my boy, and it is all right now."

And the faithful old soldier had a good share of his reward, as in laboured, broken utterances came the words:

"Yes, Dad—seventeen times and then victory."

The Captain kneeling on the other side of the bed scarcely understood what it meant, he was not the man who formerly reproved Fred for his "jelly-fish" tendencies, and so he could not enter

## The Golden Prairie

By Irene Armstrong

Golden sheaves of golden grain,  
Golden tints on hill and plain,  
Golden tassels on the corn,  
Golden hush when day is done.

Golden daisies by the wayside,  
Golden sunflowers, golden hay,  
Golden flower like buttercup,  
Golden petals curling up.

Golden warblers, golden song,  
Trilling softly, all day long,  
Golden leaves on vine and tree,  
Rustle, rustle, in the breeze.

Then, when night folds over for

Golden sunsets in the West,  
Golden glory over all,  
On the prairie in the Fall.

(Western Home Monthly)

## The Everlasting Hills

ONE day as I stood surrounded by tremendous mountain peaks, conscious of a Divine Presence that appalled me by its might and magnificence, I to the everlasting hills lifted up mine eyes, and uttered a message of thankfulness out of the fullness of my being. I can confess that I thanked God because I had been spared to gaze upon so fair a scene, and that the towering hills proclaimed His greatness in the same way as the tiny dewdrops that glisten on the spider's filmy web at dawn, or the rare rich sheen upon the dragonfly's gauzy wing.

It seemed to me, as I stood spellbound in that mountain fastness that I was alone with Nature, and that I had met Nature's God face to face. I was no longer a pilgrim in an uninviting land, a lonely wanderer in the barren wilderness. I seemed to hear a voice whispering to me the great secret, and as I opened my eyes I seemed to see a compelling vision.

And then, as I awoke from my reverie, I found standing close beside me a sturdy man of the mountains, uncouth in appearance, but with a heart of gold. He apologised for his intrusion and coming upon me so suddenly, and then said without further introduction:

"You were praying, sir! It is enough to make anybody pray."

## "Let this Mind be in You"

WE have not to copy the mind of Christ. We have the mind of Christ. We are not to imitate Christ. We are to possess Christ.

Then are we, to be passive and plastic so that the Lord puts His mould and impress on our life? That might be delightful, but it is not the way God works. There is nothing that lifts from you the burden of responsibility and the discipline of co-operation. The heavens belong unto the Lord, but the earth He hath given unto the children of men.

You have to do your share. You don't become any better by fidgeting and worrying about yourself. You don't find a gardener sowing the seed to see what is coming up. You can't help flowers to grow by tugging at them. They grow because of the life that is in them. We grow by abiding in reality and patience in Him who is our Father.

into the joy of the old saint. When a few moments later the spirit of Death, came for Fred, even the Captain knew that all was well.

When I first wrote this story, many years ago, I then said, almost the only one who could tell that those last triumphant words, "Yes, Dad—seventeen times and then victory," until he and Fred met in the glory of the Eternal Morning.

Well, they have met now. Dad has gone to his reward, and the other Local Officers meet him in the tale. But I am not sure that should read these lines, let him know, it may be her) take heart, and remember that "Seventy-times" still holds true, and even in his day may be a full and complete "Victory."



# "He Isn't Knocking Tonight!"

## The Tragedy of a Harvest Festival Night

By LT.-COLONEL ED. H. JOY

We suggest that the following thrilling tale would be a very suitable item for the Evening Programme of Harvest Festival Sunday



I halted him just as he was about to leave

I WAS a young Lieutenant at the time, and full of youthful zeal in the cause—not more so than I am now. I hope—and the sight of Jack Earnshaw in his accustomed place in one of the back seats, under the gallery, filled me with something akin to woe.

The night was terribly hot, and the Hall was crowded far beyond its usual capacity for the Harvest Festival service. The Meeting had been full of thrills and of the Holy Spirit's influence. I remember I had been especially moved in my singing of the then quite new solo, "Hark, hear the Saviour knocking." I can call to mind now the volume of sound which filled the old Hall as the congregation sang, "Will you let Him in tonight?"

### Time to Seek the Lord

I had hoped so much that Earnshaw would yield to the movings of the Spirit. It was high time that he should do so; high time he should seek the Lord.

If ever a mortal man had warnings, he had had them by the hundred; all his days of late had been full of hints of his approaching death; nothing could stay the oncoming end. Stricken with a disease which marched steadily forward, and daily took increasing toll of his strength, he knew he had not many more hours in which to think about eternal matters.

And I knew it too. It was that which moved me to speak to him once more, and so, leaving my place on the platform, I pushed my way through the departing crowd, and halted him just as he was about to leave.

"Jack," I said, "He has been knocking

at your heart tonight. Won't you let Him in? You may not have many more such chances."

"No, Left," said he. "Not tonight. I must get home now, but I'll promise you I'll come tomorrow night. I really will."

"There won't be much of a chance tomorrow night," I rejoined, sadly enough. "It will be the

Harvest Festival Sole, and the Meeting won't be likely to have a Penitent-Form; you'd better come tonight."

"Not tonight, Left," he said again. "The Captain 'll be sure to give me a chance to get saved if he sees me, and I'll come tomorrow night."

And so he left the Hall.

### His Broken Promise

The next night, Monday night, I looked around the place, but Jack Earnshaw's usual place was empty. I knew he had had one of his bad spells again, and was scarcely expecting he would be able to come alone. There was a lot of happy fun and pleasantry about the Meeting and the subsequent sale, but I have an idea I was not very much "in it." I was thinking about Jack's broken promise.

We closed the proceedings at a late hour, and there was much to do before the Captain and I could get back to the Quarters, and it was quite late when we said our "Good nights" and proceeded upstairs. I was the last to take the stairs, and just as I did so, there came a feeble knock at the front door.

Opening the door, I saw there a little girl whom I at once recognised as Jack's

eldest child—he had a family of seven, the youngest twin babies.

"Father's ill again, and he wants you and the Captain to come quick," said little Lizzie. "He's ever so bad, and mother is crying and grand-dad's drunk; oh, come quick!"

Giving up all thought of bed, the Captain and I made ready to answer the insistent call, and, as we went up the High Street the Town Hall clock struck the hour of one like a death-knell.

### Inquisitively Gossipy Neighbours

Jack's little cottage was one of a row standing in the rear of the Town Hall, and when we entered the front room there was a heated atmosphere to meet us, and squalor indeed. A room full of inquisitively gossipy neighbours; seemingly a horde of crying children, and the nagging of a distressed wife; the squalor of a drunk man who was lying on the settle, and the curses of Jack Earnshaw. I remember it all as if it were last night.

Dear man! What language he was using, and how he was abusing his wife! Poor soul! She had little idea of family management at the best of times, and less some reluctance I knelt to pray. Jack sat in his high-backed Windsor chair by the fire (he was unable to lie down), his wife was at the other side, and the twins were on her lap. I knelt between them, where the hearth-rug should have been. What I said I do not know, I do not think

"Lieutenant, you pray."

It certainly was not such a scene as I would have chosen for a prayer place, and in my youthful nervousness it was with some reluctance I knelt to pray. Jack sat in his high-backed Windsor chair by the fire (he was unable to lie down), his wife was at the other side, and the twins were on her lap. I knelt between them, where the hearth-rug should have been. What I said I do not know, I do not think

**"BECAUSE THOU HAST FORGOTTEN THE GOD OF THY SALVATION . . . THE HARVEST SHALL BE A HEAP IN THE DAY OF GRIEF AND OF DESPERATE SORROW."**

—Isaiah 17:10-11.

### An Army Hero

The Glorious Tale of Captain Paul Rader

A NAME that should be placed on record in our annals is that of Captain Paul Rader, who was recently promoted to glory while serving others.

The Captain was a member of a well-known Salvation Army family, and is also the nephew of Paul Rader, the well-known poet and song writer. He was an accepted Candidate with his young wife for Missionary Service in India, and was one of the most promising Officers in the Eastern (U.S.A.) Territory.

He has been called to Higher Service under tragic circumstances, and we believe we do well to set forth the story as told in the American "Cry".

The Captain was at his place of duty during a tremendous electrical storm which recently burst over the Lake Massapou (on the shore of which is situated the "Wonderful" Fresh Air Camp). Paul Rader was an engineer when at once the lightning struck it was for the children to be in the water during such a disturbance. But some were swimming farther out in the lake and he loaded his boat time and time again to bring them to safety. Some were diving from a distant raft and he went to fetch them. The boat was full so he ordered them to row back to shore while he, with another life-saver, remained on the raft. It was then that lightning struck him and he fell into the water and did not rise. Three doctors and two nurses applied artificial respiration for two hours after the body was recovered,

but regretfully had to acknowledge their efforts fruitless.

Captain Paul Rader was twenty-two years of age and a musician of no mean order, and it is significant that with his brothers he decided early to put Jesus first in his life and gave up chances of further education to play in religious Meetings.

From an early age Captain Rader had strong desires to be a missionary, and it is strange to think that his acceptance for service as a missionary in India was in the month of his death. But his obedience has been eternally recorded even although he was unable to go.

### "I thought of The Salvation Army"

A WRITER in the "Call-News-Pictorial," Perth, West Australia, under the heading of, "Christ and the Drums," relates an incident from which we print the following extract:

"A few nights after in one of Perth's principal streets I saw a decently-dressed woman. Her appearance indicated respectability. My attention was first drawn to her when I saw her drop her parasol. In stooping to recover it her hat fell off. A man passing picked up both the parasol and hat, and handed them to the woman and passed on. She adjusted her headwear, but again dropped her parasol, and when she attempted to pick it up I saw she was intoxicated.

The thought that she was probably the mother of a decent family and the possibility of a policeman coming along and running her into the lock-up for the night surged through my mind. I pictured

the humiliation of her boys and girls. I pictured the remorse which would overtake the mother when sobriety returned to her next morning and she found herself in a Roe Street cell, probably sharing the day of the constable with some of the worst crooks of the city.

I hesitated as to what should be done. Two ladies were passing. I sought their aid—asked if they could suggest anything. They tried to get the woman's name and address after I had offered to run her home in my car. Her answers were incoherent. She could not give any connected account of where she lived, so our good intentions of restoring her to her family were defeated.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to leave her to the mercy of the police, and even though the constable was ever so kindhearted, it would be his duty to place her in the cells.

Just then I thought of The Salvation Army, so I went at once to the People's Palace and found a very obliging Salvation Officer. Though extremely busy he left his work to go to the victim of alcohol. His first salutation was, "Hello, mother—what's wrong?" There was kindness in his tone and friendliness in his manner which immediately won the confidence of the woman. He helped her into the car and remarked, "We will keep her for the night in The Army Home."

She was taken to Lincoln Street, where she was met at the gate by a motherly Matron, who, with the assistance of the male Officer, took her in. She was kept for the night without payment, cared for and, in charge of two sisters, restored to her family next morning. None of The Army Officers asked for money."

I knew at the time, but suddenly, oh, so suddenly, Jack gave a cry, and fell from his chair right across the foot of the table, just missing me and the stove as he fell.

I stooped over him to lift him up, the Captain coming to my aid. The little children stood around in great amazement. We turned him on his back, and I had my hands under his head, and the Captain might place a cushion under him when Jack opened his eyes and said—

"(The memory of that moment stays my fingers as I write, I feel once more the cold chill down my spine which even the heat of that foetid room could not check; scarce could I still my trembling hands as I held his head and then gently put it back on the pillow.)

### The Hoarseness of His Voice

The hoarseness of his voice filled my dreams for many a night, and comes back to me even now.

"Left! Left! Is that you? Is that you?"

And a pause.

"Left! Left!" and his voice sank to a gasping whisper, "Left! He was knocking at my heart last night and I couldn't let Him in—but He isn't knocking tonight."

And then, with a groan which seemed to rattle ahead of the hoarse, his head sank back once more on the cushion, and he passed out to Eternity.

The wails of the children, and the hoarse cries of his wife, "Jack, Jack!" took the place of his dying groan, and when we had done all that we could, we left the house; but all down that High Street I seemed to hear, "He isn't knocking tonight!"

And a few afternoons later, when we stood in the cemetery, and lowered his coffin into the deep, deep grave, I saw the "Left! He isn't knocking!" And years after, when I was back again in that same town, and went down to the little row of humble cottages behind the Town Hall for the morning Open-Air Meeting, I seemed to hear, "He isn't knocking!" I hear it now—He isn't knocking!

### John Wesley and the Bandit

We have the "bandit" with us to-day, but in Wesley's day they called him a "highwayman." On one occasion Wesley was held up by a "highwayman" who demanded his money or his life.

Under such circumstances the average person would have been so agitated and unmoved that he would have thought of nothing but how to escape with his life.

But Wesley was so absorbed with the desire to save the lost, and had such self-possession that, after giving up his money, he turned to the highwayman and said: "Let me speak one word to you. The time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember that 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" No more was said, and they parted.

Many years after, as Wesley was going out of a church in which he had preached, a stranger introduced himself and asked Wesley if he recollect being waylaid at such a time. He told him he recollected it.

"I was that man," said the stranger, "and that single verse you quoted on that occasion was the turning of a total change in my life and habits. I have long since been in the practice of attending the House of God and giving attention to His Word, and trust that I am a Christian."

Between the great things we cannot do, and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.



## Various Visitors and Victories] at Vancouver

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy and their daughters, although on furlough, kindly agreed to take the Meetings at the Citadel on Sunday, August 25. The morning Holiness Meeting was a time of much blessing when the Colonel spoke on the kind of subject in which he is at home, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." And his remarks were such as appealed strongly to those who are "far ben," (on terms of close intimacy), and were greatly appreciated as well as giving encouragement and hope to the younger Christians.

In the evening Mrs. Joy spoke, and she took a prominent part in the Meeting. "D.O.s." solved pleasantly and helpfully, while the Colonel's younger daughter, Margery, very effectively recited, "A little child shall lead them." The Colonel seemed in an analytical mood—not unusual for him—and seriously put before the audience the matters that are of vital importance in this life and that which is to come.

For the afternoon Meeting we had a visit of a Naval Leader, who is Bandmaster on board H.M.S. Durban. He received a great welcome from our Bandsmen, and gave the Meeting quite a fillip as he related his experiences. The Band and Songsters were out in full force and rendered good service during the day.

Although the next weekend was the final holiday weekend of the season, and a general spirit of moving hither and thither was in evidence, yet Envoys Alward and Major Habkirk had very interesting Meetings at the Citadel.

The Holiness Meeting was a profitable time, the Envoy taking the major portion of the service. In the afternoon to an attentive audience, Lt.-Colonel Payne gave a very instructive address on "Drift-wood," and gave some striking pictures of the present-day phases of life.

In the evening Major Habkirk conducted the opening part of the service, the Envoy later taking the lead. Lt.-Colonel Payne was again present, and gave the principal address which was a very telling one, talking of the great storms that arise in our life's journey, and which none but Christ can still. Three men sought the harbor of refuge.—G.A.

## Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy at Neepawa

A splendid series of Meetings was conducted during the weekend of September 8-9 by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy. From the very beginning we felt that God was with us, and in a spirit of expectancy entered into the first engagement. Neepawa is noted for its Saturday night Open-Airs, and the concert, with the added attraction of the Staff-Captain's concertina soon drew a large crowd, which, in spite of the cold evening, listened for over an hour to the stirring message. The singing of favorite hymns brought blessing to many hearts, and many were the requests for special ones—on one side a young man asking for, "Son of Your Soul," and in front of us, an elderly gentleman, very evidently in the twilight of life, calling for his favorite, "Rescue the perishing." We could name many more, but the best of all is that these old songs brought blessing to those in the ring, and must surely have revived memories in the minds of those on the bench.

Sunday's Meetings were rich in blessing and counsel. The Holiness Meeting, with Mrs. Mundy's message on, "Fruit-bearing," brought us face to face with our responsibilities as Christians. After the Meeting a visit was paid to an old comrade who is unable to attend any place of worship, and here again the Voice of God brought cheer and blessing. This was followed by a few minutes with the children in the Company Meeting.

The Salvation Meeting was well attended, and once more our souls rejoiced as we saw a young lad come forward in voluntary submission to the Voice of God. The last engagement of this excellent weekend was a short evenside service in the Open-Air, where once more the message of warning and entreaty was sounded to those who had neglected the place of worship.

—Capt. Fitch and Lt. Hillinary.



## Winnipeg, September 13th

We are very sorry if the non-appearance of this column during recent weeks has occasioned any unhappiness or unrest. Envoy Domore gives some advice which might very well apply to the situation—see page 8.

It is good to have the Commissioner back at Territorial Headquarters. Many and important are the responsibilities which devolve upon him, and these have been added to in an inconsiderable degree during recent days by reason of the staff and other changes announced in this issue. The forthcoming Congress arrangements are constantly in mind, to say nothing of a multitude of other affairs. Let us pray that our Leader may be sustained in these responsibilities, and that he may be Divinely guided in all things.

Major Tyndall, our versatile and genial Finance Secretary has recently returned from an auditorial visit to the Coast Headquarters and Institutions.

A recent and always welcome visitor to Winnipeg is Mrs. Brigadier John Habkirk; her stay with us was short, but just long enough for her to catch a glimpse of her many old-time associates, and for us to make comradely enquiries concerning Brigadier John and "Mother" Habkirk, who is now staying for awhile in Chicago.

Another esteemed visitor at Territorial Headquarters is Arthur E. Copping, of the International Editorial Department. He went forward yesterday to Toronto, with the good wishes of all who have lately made his acquaintance.

We have been greatly pleased to see Ensign James Harrington around Headquarters recently. He has gone into hospital for some further treatment which it is hoped will complete his cure.



Winnipeg Citadel Songsters on Parade at Portage la Prairie (Percy Merritt, Songster Leader)

## Returns and Reunions at Ft. Rouge Crowds and Converts at Logan Ave.

On Sunday morning last we had Lieutenant Nelson with us, and all those present were helped and blessed by his words.

Sunday night we were very glad to see Ensign Schwartz and Sergeant Traiser from the Training Garrison and also Lieutenant Joyce, who later took the lesson. We had a very good Meeting, at the close of which one young woman returned to the Fold. Many others in the Meeting were under conviction and we are praying that they will soon be saved.

During the past few weeks a bacslider has returned to God and this has greatly encouraged us.—M.J.

## "These Forty Years"

Historic Corps of Portage la Prairie Celebrates Triumphant Anniversary Visit of Winnipeg Songsters

It was our privilege on Saturday and Sunday, September 8th and 9th, to accompany the Winnipeg Citadel Songsters to Portage la Prairie, and take part in a most ambitious week end of Anniversary Services, celebrating the forty years of our work in this city.

We were greatly impressed as we entered the Citadel on our arrival to find prominently displayed on the platform wall the words "Give to Jesus glory," and, summing up the whole of the weekend's gatherings it was a time of reviewing the past accomplishments; hearing from some who had had a share in these, including a member of the original band and singing group who gave us cause to feel proud of the Portage la Prairie Corps, the dominant thought in it all being "Give to Jesus glory."

We were privileged to renew associations with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Acton, former Commanding Officers at this Corps, and who piloted the Saturday and Sunday Meetings to a successful conclusion.

It was a joy to meet Envoy Mrs. McGill, who as Lieutenant Aldenhead was one of the party that fired the first shot in the town forty years before, and it was truly a happy turn of events which enabled her to stand on the same historic spot on Saturday night, when all the comrades gathered there for a solemn re-consecration service, the first event of the weekend. In the Festival that followed, the Rev. Mr. Cruickshanks presented the good wishes of the Ministerial Association, Colonel F. G. Taylor, M.L.A., presided.

We have much to say that we could tell our readers of this historic weekend, of the stirring messages from former Commanding Officers, and of the tremendously earnest, stirring testimonies by Mrs. Envoy McGill, and Sister Mrs. Pfeinich of Winnipeg VIII, who also was a Commanding Officer twenty-six years ago.

When, at a late hour Sunday, just prior to the departure of the party for Winnipeg, Ensign Loughton, the Corps Officer, related how a soul had been won during the Sunday night Prayer-Meeting, how he had come to the Penitent-Form in a wheel-chair, we had a picture of the Portage comrades in our mind. We saw the man with the dust of the flour-mill, the woman fresh from the wash-tub, the carpenter with a sprinkling of shavings still about his clothing, and the grocer's mechanic in greasy overalls; all gathering each day at noon, and again in the evening for prayer for the stirring of their own folks during the weekend, and also for the blessing of the visitors.

Well, Portage stalwarts, your faith was rewarded in the winning of one soul who can do much for God as he wheels himself through the streets of your town, speaking, as he promised to do, a word for the Master at each opportunity.

When one considers that the Songster Brigade took part in ten outside and inside Meetings, from Saturday evening till Sunday night, including services at the jail and "The Home," it will be readily seen that Songster-Leader Percy Merritt, and his eager band of singers were nearly sung out when the Doxology was sung in the city bandstand at 10 p.m. on Sunday.

The final event of the weekend was a special Anniversary on the Monday night, when, with Mayor W. G. Burns in the chair, the history of The Army in the town was presented in a series of Tableaux—"Past and Present—1888 to 1928."

—J.R.W.

Sunday. At the Open-Air preceding the evening Meeting in the Hall a man stood listening to us, and reverently uncovered his head during the prayers. One of our Soldiers spoke to him after the Meeting, with the result that he accompanied us to the Hall, and there was soundly converted. Hallelujah!—B.W.

**Lt.-Colonel Bernard Booth**

And what can we say about Mrs. Mundy? Always merry and bright so it seems to us; always cheerful to serve alone so that her husband may fulfil his calls—and in that becoming more and more a real "Staff wife"—always ready with a song or testimony; she seems to have changed little since those days (in 1917), when as Captain Barbara Currie she entered the glorious Army service from Winnipeg Citadel. Little changed—except for the fact of the three bonny children who also rejoice in the name of Mundy.



## THE COMMISSIONER

Launches the Winter Engagements of the Centenary Call Campaign

A **SPLENDID** start off to the Winter Engagements of the Centenary Call Campaign was given by the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich in an enthusiastic Meeting held in the Caron Auditorium on Tuesday evening last.

Our Leader took advantage of the opportunity to thank God for the manifestations of Divine blessing which have been so abundant upon us of late, both as a Nation and as an Army, and in doing so gave expression to the hope that the Territorial Harvest Festival Celebrations would give further evidence of our gratitude.

His references to the forthcoming Congress Meetings in Winnipeg and Vancouver were received with delight by those assembled, and clear indications of the pleasure and interest which is felt by all concerning our special Congress visitor—Colonel Mary Booth; she is assured of a warm welcome.

An item which added to the comradeship and heartiness of the gathering was the announcement of the promotions and appointments of Staff-Captains Mundy and Acton (see page 6). It is fully evident that these happy events are popular amongst us.

## Mrs. Commissioner Rich

Presides Over Interesting Function at Kildonan

ON Thursday, September 6, Mrs. Commissioner Rich opened the Kildonan Home Sale of Work and Home-Cooking, and a pleasant afternoon followed. Mrs. Rich was supported by Brigadier Park, Captain and Mrs. Martin, the Home Officers, and a number of other officers. In the evening the Winnipeg Citadel Band gave a pleasing programme of music, this taking place on the lawn, and this was further enhanced by the presence of the Commissioner, who was accompanied by Mr. Arthur Coppine. A really enjoyable evening was spent, the inmates of the Institution, as well as the visitors, enjoying the feast of music provided.

It goes without saying that all the fancy work infant's garments, and other articles were made by the girls of the Home, and in view of this fact everyone is delighted to know that the proceeds of the Sale amount to \$115. Perhaps this is a good opportunity to announce that the Officers of the Home will be glad to receive at any time orders for Children's clothes, woolen garments (any size) and fancy-work.

## Colonel and Mrs. Miller

WE are more than happy to announce that the Chief Secretary has so far recovered from his recent operation as to be able to return home; he left the hospital, so we were told, looking real good and well.

This all promises a safe delivery from his trying experiences, and we trust, a speedy return to Territorial Headquarters, where his absence has been a cause for much regret during recent weeks.

We are glad, too, to say that Mrs. Miller has been wonderfully improved during the Colonel's prolonged sickness, and is deeply grateful to all comrades for abundant evidence of continual concern on her own and the Colonel's behalf.

# SOWING & REAPING GIVING & GETTING

A Message to the Farmers of Western Canada

By COMMISSIONER CHAS. T. RICH

The Old Country has been called the 'Nation of Shop Keepers'. When this phrase was coined it was intended to be one of derision, but the high ethical standards of English trading have altered that and the little sea girt isle of which we are all proud has made its name in all the markets of the world for fair and honest dealing and the term 'A Nation of Shop Keepers' is no longer one of derision.

May not our great Dominion be called a Nation of Farmers? Canada and Wheat are almost synonymous terms. Canada is also making her influence felt in all the markets of the world and is striving to maintain those high standards that made the Mother Land great. Our difficulties in doing this should not be so great as the older countries. They have their crowded cities, their squalid slums. We, too, have our cities, but they are places of beauty, of wide streets and splendid boulevards and then our almost illimitable stretch of prairie with a truly illimitable stretch of sky. We are all nearer nature and that should mean nearer God. We are further removed from the artificialities of life and nearer the heart of things.

This should not only make it easier to maintain high standards, but also make it easier to understand some of the natural principles of life. Surely it must be easy for every farmer to learn that there is no getting without giving, which is only another way of saying that you must sow before you reap.

Many a prairie farmer this Spring gave everything he had to the land. He literally impoverished himself. He knew that there was no getting without giving, and knew also that the more generously he gave the more would nature give back to him.

Nature taught the farmer this principle that one must 'give to get'. He quickly learned it because life itself depended upon it. If this poor farmer were lazy in the preparation of the land, niggardly in giving all that went to the enriching of the soil, miserly in the quality and quantity of the seed—nature would have had her answer. No getting without giving. That was Nature's message.

God has a message also that He has been trying to teach the farmer (and indeed each of us) that we not only give to get, but we must still give to keep what we already have; that the Harvest is not really ours until we have given the Lord of the Harvest His share.

Early in history was laid down the principle "The first of the fruit of the land thou shalt bring into the House of the Lord Thy God." Again and again it was repeated. The farmers were slow to learn (and we were just as slow), but it remained for the Master Himself to give it the most tragic and dramatic interpretation that it has ever had. Read again the arresting story of the Rich Farmer (Luke 12: 16-21).

"I will pull down my barns and build greater, I will say to my soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Eat, drink and be merry."

God said: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be?"

Then the tremendous application, "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

## IT IS EVIDENT GOD EXPECTS HIS SHARE OF THE PROFITS

What are we doing about it? We are a nation of Farmers. And more—the land is heavy with a glorious crop. Are we giving God His share? The way through the Bible, all down through history there is evidence of a direct connection between giving and blessing.

"Bring all the tithes into the storehouse. Prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts. I will open the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

The Jewish Nation was compelled to keep three great festivals every year. One was the Feast of Pentecost, which was held to celebrate the ingathering of the Golden Harvest. At that time the head of every family had to 'appear before the Lord' and to bring his 'tribute of a free will offering.'

Surely it was no mere coincidence that when this people was gathered together in Jerusalem for this great feast the Holy Ghost was given. Was it not rather God's way of saying, for all time, 'You give and I will give also, You bring your tithes and I will pour out the blessing.'

Here is the message emphasised so that all who wish may read.

**Nature cries, you must 'give to get'**

**God cries, you must 'give to keep'**

**Bring your tithes and I will give abundantly.**

The right kind of Harvest Thanksgiving means Pentecost. May it be the experience of every Corps, of every Church, of every individual, throughout this Nation of Farmers.



## Commissioner van der Werken

To Leave Her Command—  
Commissioner Howard to  
Proceed to Switzerland

THE latest British "War Cry" announces that Commissioner van der Werken, the Territorial Commander for Switzerland, has broken down in health, and has been compelled to ask the General to relieve her of the Command. The Commissioner has for the past three or four months been fighting against indifferent health, hoping the change and rest would restore her sufficiently to permit of her retaining the charge of our Work in Switzerland, to which country and people she had become greatly attached, but her hopes have, not been realized.

In view of the vacancy thus unexpectedly created the General has decided to make a change in the appointments announced a few weeks ago, and has instructed Commissioner Howard, who had received his appointment as Territorial Commander for Denmark, to proceed to Switzerland in succession to Commissioner van der Werken.

We hope to be able to announce next week the name of the new Territorial Commander for Denmark, but in the meantime extend our good wishes to Commissioner van der Werken, and trust that her furlough will bring about the much desired improvement in her health.

## Old Orchard Camp

Stirring Meetings Led By  
Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard

Under the inspiring leadership of Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard, one of the most effective series of Camp Meetings has recently concluded at the famous Old Orchard with fifty-four seekers at the Mercy-Seat.

Over five hundred Officers, including staffs of Territorial, Provincial, and Divisional Headquarters participated, and three crowded public gatherings were attended by more than five thousand people. The Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard were greatly used in stirring the zeal of Salvationists and bringing conviction to the unsaved.

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. MacMillan led the opening weekend's Meetings, and God graciously blessed their efforts. The aspects of Army work in missionary and other lands, presented by Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard and Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. MacMillan, created keen interest in the world-wide Army.

—W. Brindley, Ensign.

## Winds of Mercy at Weston

Weston (Captain Little and Lieut. Venn). We had a good time last Sunday, and rejoiced over five seekers. Sergeant Acy of the Training Garrison was in charge in the morning, and following her address three seekers for Holiness came forward. In this Meeting C.C. Frances Smith was Commissioned as Y.P. Treasurer. At noon the Open-Air was well attended and we had a splendid march back to the Hall where a lively Salvation Meeting followed. Captains Lyons and Hillier were with us on this occasion, as well as a number of other visiting Officers. Many comrades testified to God's power to save. Captain Lyons took the lesson, and in the Prayer-Meeting two souls claimed Salvation. To God be all the glory.—V. Boomann.







## The Jubilee of Salvation Army Bands

### Fifty Years of Steady Progress and Soul-Saving Victories

By LIEUT.-COLONEL R. SLATER (R.)

## Our Occasional Talk

### Good News and Good Deeds

I AM a pretty regular subscriber to certain public newspapers, and as a rule have little occasion to complain about the news they offer. I do sometimes find it hard to forgive them, however, when they publish as news something which they know very well to be utterly untrue. Their repetition of a lie makes it doubly hard to overtake the first harm and I am not so sure that I find it in my heart to forgive them.

Sometimes I wish they had a truer appreciation of the kind of news I like to read, and were not so obsessed with the idea that the only readable matter tells of the sins of men; and had I the ear of a great newspaper proprietor I would suggest to him that a column a day devoted to a recital of the fine things men had done the day before, would be welcomed by thousands of his readers. Some time ago, for instance, during the so-called "silly season," I found this paragraph in my paper, which, I am sure, was only allowed to appear because other news was scarce:—

"The big man stepped up  
The doors which open from the pavement into the lobby of a big building," it ran, "were heavy ones and very hard to open. Yesterday a little hunchback stepped out of a lift on the ground floor, followed by a big man. The hunchback reached the doors first, and threw himself against one, but though he pushed with all his might he could not open it. Chagrined, he stepped back, and the big man stepped up. Noticing the look of humiliation on the face of the little fellow, the big man said: 'I've got a sore wrist. Come on, let's see if the two of us can open it.' The hunchback and the big man both pushed at the door, and of course it opened. The two went out smiling."

Worth printing? Of course it was. Yet every day thousands of men and women do kindly deeds, whose reporting would inspire others to similar nobility and kindness, and our Press ignores them all in order to find space for the tales of the crimes of men. It is a pity, I repeat; and repeat, too, my suggestion that a column a day devoted to the reporting of the good men do would be a popular column, and, what is better, might be influential in inspiring others to good deeds.

### Essence of Laziness

We heard the other day of a young houseman who said that "he had no time to go to the Open-Air, he must do some 'odd' practice!" He reminded us of Uncle Jethro.

Uncle Jethro sat fishing on the bank of a tiny rivulet when a stranger stopped beside him.

"Is it possible that there are any fish in such a small stream as that?" he asked. "No, there ain't none!" Uncle Jethro replied.

"But you're fishing!"

"Yep," said Uncle Jethro.

"What, then, is your object?"

"My object," replied Uncle Jethro, "is to show my wife I ain't got no time to sit the ashes."

IT IS surely an appropriate time to take a glance at the main features of Army Band history. What cause for praise such a survey contains! But not only praise, for it is impossible to look at the facts without being moved to wonder.

In March, 1878, The Army work was commenced in Salisbury. Determined and violent opposition was aroused. A saved man named Charles Fry, who was an amateur musician, was stirred with sympathy for the Salvationists in their hard fight, and, as a consequence, he offered the aid of himself and of his three sons—all players on brass instruments. The offer was gladly accepted, and quickly the consecrated labors of this small Band

27, 1880, his Order for Bands, advocating the learning of instruments among his people and the formation of Bands at all Corps where this could be done. What was the result? On every side there was an outburst of enthusiasm. Instruments were bought or borrowed; those who knew anything of music set about teaching other comrades; in some cases sympathetic musicians, not Salvationists, made offers of teaching and training the little groups which were got together at various Corps.

### All kinds of Instruments

At the beginning all kinds of instruments were brought into use, for Brass Bands were evolved as we know them today only after various trials had been



proved of unquestionable value. It was not seen by anyone, however, that here was started a movement that was to be world-wide in its ultimate scope.

Army Band history was initiated, not according to a preconceived plan, but by God moving upon the heart of a converted man, who was led to consecrate himself and his family as musicians to the work of seeking the world's Salvation.

### Novel and Arresting

At first the Band's efforts seemed to have stirred little more than local interest—as if the use of instruments was just a feature in the life of the Salisbury Corps. But at length it was recognized that the results were so novel, so arresting, and so significant of a new field of Army activity, that the news was talked over again and again. The Founder got to hear of the unique venture and desired to test its value for himself by having the little Band at work before his own eyes in Meetings under his control.

Grasping the significance of this new expansion of Army activity, the Founder issued in the "War Cry", dated March

made and experience gained as to the comparative value of instruments for Army service. It was not long, however, before combinations on the Brass Band model proved their unquestionable superiority for general use.

A good deal of mis-applied energy, and in some cases on erroneous and dangerous lines for the Army's best interest, mark the early Army Band's history. It became clear as time went on that something more than just locally-made rules were needed so that Army Band development and progress might be made sure. The Founder therefore issued his first Regulation in the "War Cry" (February 24, 1881), that being the only means of making known his orders to his musical forces.

Among the most serious difficulties in the early years was that of music for the Bands. The Army had no music of its own. The Bands either bought what they thought would be of service from publishers of brass band music, or played from manuscript copies the arrangements made by outside musicians who were willing as a favor or for payment to meet

### Interfering

IN whatever direction you go, you will always be running into people who won't mind their own business. It seems next to impossible for them to stick to their own affairs.

This nosing into other people's affairs is a disease. It's worse than an organic trouble, for once it bites at a mind, nothing on earth will keep it in its place.

A day or so since, a violent quarrel came into being, because of a rather nasty instance of interfering. It was obvious from the outset that the indignant friend resented the nosing propensities of the other man. Any decent person objects to someone else probing for information, or insidiously suggesting, in that beastly subtle way that we all know but cannot quite parry, all kinds of scandalous ideas. But he does it, and with a nefarious insistence, and, for a very low estate, it positively impossible to resist it. This fellow of whom we are speaking, stuck to his horrid guns, and pursued the friend until the latter rose up and let forth all the anger of his righteous indignation he could muster. Result: a real old, honest-to-goodness row.

And not altogether wrong either. The other man had no possible right to come poking his nose into something which was no concern of his. It served him right that his friend turned upon him.

No friend has the right to presume upon his friendship. It is a presumption that brings friendship to a very low estate. No one who understands what friendship means would ever dream of doing such a thing. Your noser is a very undesirable fellow, and we must never fight shy of snubbing him.

### Weights That Help

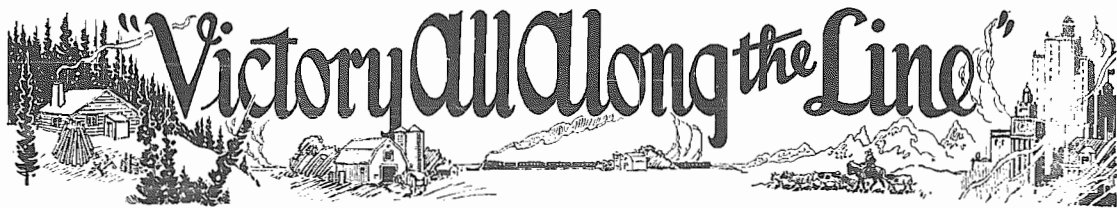
There are weights that help as well as weights that hinder. Did you ever see men engaged in fishing? They have nets with corks and weights. If there were only corks the net would float on the surface and drift away; if there were only leads it would drop to the bottom and be useless. But with corks and leads properly balanced, the net stands in its place and encloses the shoal of fish.

We have duties, disciplines, weights—these are the heavy things to hold us down to Duty and make us useful; and God sends love and faith and hope into our lives to make us men and keep us buoyant.

the supposed needs of Army Bands. Some strange and even lamentable things occurred, however, because of this dependence on such sources for music. The Founder was led by such experience to see the necessity of the Army providing its own Bands with the music of a suitable character that they might in truth serve the Army's needs.

### A Daring Innovation

At length a Music Department was founded in October, 1883. It was still a debatable point, however, whether the Army possessed the men of sufficient technical knowledge and experience of Band affairs to score and efficiently edit music for its own Bands. Once again God's hand was revealed in making all ready in due time for the Army to go forward in His appointed ways. The Founder was able at length with confidence to issue the Order ("The War Cry", May 27, 1885), that only music issued by Headquarters was henceforth to be used by Army Bands. It was a bold and daring order, but how wonderfully true! The Army Band music as well as Army Bands, has to be reckoned among the most surprising and wonderful things in Army history.



## Adjutant Davies' Stories Delight Kamloops Audiences

(Capt. J. Wilson and Lieut. Murray).

Adjutant Davies' visit here was greatly enjoyed, and the three Meetings conducted by her were well attended. The first night was most interesting, and the Adjutant's stories of her varied experiences as an Officer in the Old Country stirred many hearts, and aroused many happy memories.

The second night we had a glimpse into a Training Garrison Bible-Class, and we are sure the Officers felt they were once again sitting in the seats now vacant and ready for the new Session. The use of a model made the lesson on the Tabernacle very instructive.

The third night gladdened our hearts. Our delightful little Hall was packed, and almost overflowing. Mayor Moffatt presided, and several of the ministers of the town took part in the gathering. The Adjutant, in happy and informative vein, brought vividly before her audience the scenes of her seven years' work in the London Slums, and the appreciation of the congregation was shown in her great attention. Several voiced their feelings, and pledged their support for such work, and the call came to many once again to be up and doing for the uplifting of humanity.

We are believing for great times in Kamloops during the winter months, and are also praying. One seeker was registered within the last two weeks. Hallelujah!—C.C.

## Centenary Call Campaign

Our Motto:  
"ON TO VICTORY!"

### Promotion to Glory

## Bandsman Bauer of Vancouver II

(Adjutant and Mrs. Sharp).

Sunday, August 25, our forces were led by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. McLean. A pleasing feature of the Holiness Meeting was the number of testimonies given by the Soldiers. The Colonel's address was most helpful and clear. Deputy-Bandmaster and Mrs. Ratcliffe from Edmonton were visitors at the afternoon Free-and-Easy. The night Meeting took the form of a Memorial Service for our beloved comrade, Brother Bauer, who recently passed to his reward, after putting in over forty years' service for the Master. As a Bandsman and Junior Worker he was a great help in the Corps. He was a great man for the children, and a regular attendant at Kneedrill.

Brother Shergold and Sergeant-Major Buchan spoke with no uncertain sound as to the life of our comrade, and urged other Soldiers to be faithful. The Band, under the leadership of Deputy-Bandmaster Ratcliffe, played, "Promoted to Glory." The Colonel, who knew our comrade quite intimately, referred to his faithfulness and loyalty and after a helpful address, invited any who were convicted to surrender to God. We finished up with two souls at the Mercy-Seat. —T.E.D.



## The Alberta Charioteers Continue Their Victorious Career

Some five hundred of the townsfolk of Hannah listened to the Charioteers on Saturday night, and the Chief Constable was kept busy making a clearance on the sidewalk. In hearty response to a request by the Charioteer in charge, those gathered sang well. Each of the four Salvationists spoke and received the best of attention. The Meeting was enjoyed by Charioteers and residents alike.

The following Sunday morning saw the Charioteers in the Hanna Hospital grounds playing to the inmates. Their visit was much appreciated. From there the visitors went to the United Church and treated the young folk in the Primary Department to some cheery music and singing. Then followed a combination service when the Charioteers were again to the front. In the afternoon they accompanied the Rev. Mr. Derby to Redrose where the four took part in the Sunday School and Church services.

The Salvationists were back in Hanna for the evening service in the church, where the Rev. Mr. Derby has been taking charge during the illness of Mr. Coone, the resident Minister. To a capacity crowd the four comrades played and sang, and here we may note that the singing of the congregation was of an exceptional quality. Candidate Gordon Taylor read the Scripture and made some helpful remarks on the same. Many voiced their delight at the efforts of the visitors. While out with "War Cry" the day previous an opportunity was afforded one of the Charioteers to speak and pray with a sick man. This was very much appreciated by both.

At Craigmyle on the Monday many of those standing around the Charioteers were Christians, and joined in the singing of old favorites with vim. Here the children were quick to pick up new choruses.

Many Old Country harvesters enjoyed the singing and music at Delia. The speaking was also listened to attentively. After the Meeting the town constable treated the Salvationists to coffee and sandwiches in the restaurant.

At Munson the four were agreeably surprised to see many of the Drumheller Bandsmen ready for action. With them was Adjutant Reader, and you may be sure the Charioteers appreciated the help of these comrades.

Rosedale saw the Charioteers again in

action the following night. Many miners were around the Open-Air, and heard the Gospel message. They were interested as each comrade told of the power of God in their individual lives.

Adjutant Reader, Captain McDowell and the Drumheller Band accompanied the Charioteer to Wayne, where a rousing Open-Air was held in this mining centre. The young folks were taught a new chorus, and sang it well. The playing of the Band was appreciated, and the testimonies brought much blessing.

The blessing of God has continued to be upon the efforts put forth by the Charioteers, and they are looking forward to still greater victories during the remainder of their trip.—A.K.A.

## Drumheller Visited Monster Eventide Crowd

The long-looked-for visit of the Alberta Charioteers to this Corps was a fine success. On Saturday night Lieutenant Mumford was in charge, when a splendid Meeting resulted. A large crowd gathered for the Sunday morning Holiness Meeting, when Captain Ramsey took the preliminaries. Lieut. Allan led some red-hot testimonies, and Candidate Taylor (the fourth Charioteer, and a Soldier of Drumheller) gave the address. Before the Meeting closed three adults were found at the Penitent-Form.

We had already rejoiced over two seekers during the week.

On account of the infantile paralysis ban, a Musical Festival was held in place of the regular Company Meetings, when the Charioteers took a prominent part.

At night the Meeting took the form of a Memorial Service for the late Commissioner Eadie, when several comrades spoke earnestly on his life and works. Captain Ramsey and Lieutenant Allan sang. "Some day the silver cord will break." The Captain then gave an interesting message. Lieutenant Allan had charge of the monster Eventide Open-Air, when crowds gathered, and were touched by the spirit of the Salvationists. Drumheller Salvationists and friends have been blessed with the visit, and are looking forward already to next.—C.C.G.E.T.

## Moose Jaw Band

Musical Events at Assiniboia

The recent visit of the Moose Jaw Band was a decided success. Ensign Erie was in charge of the Open-Air on Saturday evening, and then, under the leadership of Bandmaster Probert the Band gave a splendid Festival in the Presbyterian Church.

Sunday morning the Band visited the hospital and singing and music brought joy and gladness to many inmates, and members of the Staff. The Ensign received the Ensign and congratulated him, and also the Band. Afterwards the Band held an Open-Air, and then went on to Verwood, the next place on the itinerary. In the evening the Meeting was taken by Brother T. Kauson, who gave an inspiring address. One man repented of his sins, and many others were blessed and encouraged. Sister Pottes took part, and her words were of much help. We heard in this Meeting that one inmate of the hospital had been very much helped by the prayer of Captain Steele, in the morning, and had been encouraged to take a firm hold on God.—A.S.M.

Just as we go to press we have received a "Rex" report concerning the later adventures of the Moose Jaw Band; see next week.

## Revival Fire at The Pas

Twenty Years Away from a Place of Worship

The Revival Fire is still burning, and God is saving souls. Last Sunday night, the Lieutenant, who was leading the Meeting, spoke very clearly and convincingly, and one dear brother volunteered for restoration at the commencement of the Prayer-Meeting. Then, just as the closing song was announced a sister came to the Penitent-Form, soon to be followed by her husband. They both testified that they had found Christ. The woman had not been in a place of worship for twenty years, but began to come to The Army during the stay of our last Officers. She did not understand the way of Salvation, but we have been praying for her, and on Sunday night she and her husband came to the Meeting with the express purpose of giving themselves to Christ.—E.F.J.

Red Deer (Captain Johnsrude and Lieutenant Battick). God is very near us here, and His Spirit is in our Meetings. We had Captain and Mrs. Blue with us for the weekend; they are flourishing here, as is Lieutenant Hill. The Sunday night Meeting was an uplifting time for us all, and one man promised to think about his soul's Salvation. We pray that he may soon be saved.—R.M.

## "Over the Line"

St. James Band in U.S.A.

Labor Day weekend has always been the occasion for a special trip for the St. James Band, but this year has been exceptionally good, more ground being covered, and, we feel, more good done than in previous years. Starting out on Saturday afternoon we arrived at Hallock, U.S.A. in time for supper, and where we had a fine reception. The Festival in the Bandstand was much appreciated and we felt it to be a good beginning for our tour.

Sunday morning a few Band-men stayed at Hallock to conduct the service there, while the remainder journeyed to Sterling, where, at a fine reception, greeted us on our arrival at the church. We were back to Hallock in time for dinner, and left there for Pembina in the afternoon, where another enthusiastic crowd appreciated our efforts, among which were "Advance" March, "Wonderful" Selection, and a corned beef and "Threads," by Bandmaster Captain Watt.

We arrived at Emerson in time for supper, and then went to the United Church for the service. The crowd was great, and many would-be listeners could not get in. However, we gave a program outside after the service.

Monday was a busy day, six towns being visited. The morning found us on our way to Neche in the States, and then came back into Canada to visit Altona, Letellier, St. Jean and Morris, at which places the Ladies' Aid and Women's Institute provided a bountiful

## Centenary Call Campaign

The Editor has yet to hear what some Corps are doing.

repast. The Festival given here in the evening concluded our efforts, and as we turned homewards we felt that we had really taken hold of a God-given opportunity.

In addition to our Corps Officers, Ensign Fugelsang, we were glad to leave with us Bandmaster Hitchon of Fort Rouse, and Ensign Miriam Houghton, and Sister Mary Irwin who did good service. We must also say very many thanks to the ministers and friends of the places visited, who accorded us warm welcome and made us feel very much at home.—A.M.T.

## Promotions and Arrivals at

St. James

(Ensign and Mrs. Finckel)

We are glad to report access in our Corps during the last month or so, for which we praise God; the financial burden of the Corps has been greatly lightened, this due to the untiring efforts of our Officers and the contribution of the Corps Cadets, Band and Soldiers.

While death has robbed us of a very valuable Soldier, others have come to fill her place. This weekend we welcomed into the Corps, Bandsman and Sister Hill and their son, from the 1st Black Corps, and Bandsman and Sister Black. The latter helps his brother in the trombone section; while Bandsman Hill plays the monster bass; we gladly welcome these comrades.

The Band, under the leadership of Captain Watt, has completed several successful trips during the summer, and their Open-Air activities have been greatly blessed in our own community.

We are also glad to report that we have an accepted Candidate for the next Session. Thus St. James is again represented in the Training Garrison.—P.H.

# A Few That Are Worthy

By Envoy C. W. Waggoner

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

MANY things had happened in Sardinia since Captain Abalom died and his wife had come to take charge of The Salvation Army Corps there. A girl named Helen Ormond had come from her home in England to help him through her trouble, and when her father had turned her from her home they had taken her in all she was again reconciled with her parents. Will Coulter, a drunkard and backslider, had, through their efforts, been reclaimed. Officer O'Donnell, a big policeman, had come to them trying to locate his son, Danny O'Donnell. He had been drawn in through the Meetings, had been converted and became a Soldier in the Corps.

There had been a long and bitter strike in Sardinia that had taxed all the resources of Captain Bristow and his band of Salvationists. During the strike Mr. Murray, a very wealthy man, had come to the help of The Army. Thus the first year of their stay in Sardinia slipped away, and they were in the winter of the second year. It drew near to Christmas time. Christmas Eve an attempt was made to steal one of The Army kettles. They had had an inkling of a warning that the attempt would be made, and Officer O'Donnell had been lurking near. When the man had grabbed the kettle and sprinted toward a moving automobile that was to pick him up, the policeman had leaped into the street and called upon him to halt. The running man disregarded the challenge, and the policeman had pitched forward into the snowy street. The policeman ran to where he had fallen, and as he stooped to pick him up he saw the light he had staggered to his feet with a great and bitter cry, "Danny! It's Danny! O my God! I've killed Danny!"

## CHAPTER XVI

### Suspense

"DANNY! It's Danny!" Officer O'Donnell repeated almost automatically as he stood swaying over the prostrate form on the snowy street. He was staring and the intensity of it all. Ensign Bristow ran to where the grief-stricken man was dazedly trying to understand what had happened, and as he drew near he heard the father repeating again as though trying to bring himself to a realization of what had happened, "It's Danny O'Donnell! That's Danny! He died before ever I saw this day!" The Ensign knelt in the snow beside the fallen man and began to search for some evidence of life. He thrust an exploring hand under the garments that covered his chest. To his intense relief he felt the steady throbbing of the man's heart.

"He's not dead; he's only stunned!" he said, but the man to whom he spoke was too bewildered to grasp the import of his words. The terrible thought that he had slain his own son had got too firm a hold on his consciousness for him to realize anything else. Without understanding the Ensign's heartening words, he still kept voicing his grief at that which had taken place.

### A Tragedy in Their Midst

It had all happened so suddenly, and almost without warning, and it was some little time before it began to dawn on the consciousness of the great crowds of shoppers who passed that a tragedy had just taken place in their midst. The speeding automobile had disappeared around a corner, its occupants having heartlessly deserted their fallen comrade. In the babel of sounds of the morning-midnight crowd the passing of the time not many had heard the sound of the shot from Officer O'Donnell's gun, and fewer yet had seen the fall of that which had taken place in their midst. But when the people heard the sudden cry of the big policeman and saw the prostrate man lying in the snow they saw that something out of the ordinary had happened.

"He is not dead; he is only unconscious," repeated the Ensign. "Get an ambulance and a doctor."

Someone sent in a call for an ambulance, and almost at once a man pressed his way through the crowd to the side of the fallen man, and announcing that he was a doctor, began to make an examination. He found that the bullet had struck the fallen man in the left shoulder, and gave him up that no vital organ had been reached, but this could only be determined with certainty by a more thorough examination later.

After a time it seeped through Officer O'Donnell's stunned sensibilities that

Danny was not dead, and he dropped down beside the unconscious form and implored him to speak to him. "It's me, Danny," he pleaded piteously, "it's me. Speak to me, an' tell me you're not dead! Open your eyes, Danny; it's me, your father speakin' to you!" He was still pleading with the unconscious man when the ambulance came.

At the hospital Danny was taken into an operating room. With him went the doctor, who had made himself known upon the street, with an interne from the hospital and two nurses. The door of the room was then closed and the dragging minutes that followed were unending and filled with agony for the big policeman, who waited for the verdict that would come from that closed room.

The Ensign kept the unhappy man company, and did all that lay in his power to ease the minutes of dread and waiting. O'Donnell could not remain still in any one place. He alternately paced the floor in the waiting room, and from there to the long-deserted corridors. He was almost beside himself with grief and anxiety.

"To think that after all the waitin' an' longin', the hopin' an' lookin' for Danny that he should come home at last like this!" He said to the Ensign in a burst of grief. "I would be glad enough any way you take it, but to think it was my own hand that shot him down is almost more than I can bear. O Danny! O Danny! Why did you ever do it? Would God myself had died before ever I saw this day! What would she think could see us now? Her Danny a thief, an' shot down by his own father's hand! Oh, 'tis a sorrowful, sorrowful day!"

### The Sweat of His Agony

The big man's brow was wet with the sweat of his agony, and as he paced restlessly he could not keep back the groans of anguish that throbbed out through his clenched teeth. As the weary minutes slowly passed and the door to that room remained closed his restlessness grew and his agony mounted. The Ensign realized that he was near the breaking point. And ever as he restlessly paced about he would break forth with his voice his grief and self-reproach. "O Danny! Danny!" he groaned, his stony face uplifted, the eyes dry and feverish, "My Danny a thief! And mayhap the hand of his own father has sent him unprepared to meet his Maker! O God! I'm more than I can stand! I can't stand it! O God! O Lord! Thou knowest I'd gladly give my life if I could only wake and find it all a hideous nightmare!" And in his agonizing grief he broke into passionate prayer. "O Lord, God, have mercy! Pity me, Lord, pity me! Spare me his life! Don't let him go in his sin! O God! In Thy great mercy, O Lord, put this crimson stain on my hands! Spare him, Lord, spare him, and show me Thy great mercy!" Ensign Bristow realized how very little he could say or do to ease the terrible burden that was like to crush the big man. With all his heart he tried to say something that would help, but he knew that he could only enter the outer shadows of the awful Gethsemane through which the older man was passing. The bitter wine of this press could only be trodden out alone.



"He is not dead, he is only unconscious!"

It was after midnight when at last the door to that fateful room was opened, and the doctor who had at the first taken charge of the case came out to them. Officer O'Donnell searched his face piteously. The doctor, noting his great anxiety, smiled reassuringly. "Everything is all right," he said kindly. "We have found and extracted the bullet, and expect that everything will be all right from now on."

While he had been speaking, Officer O'Donnell had sagged down into a chair. As he grasped the import of the hopeful words he bowed himself down and against the barriers he had held upon himself gave way. His stony grief melted into the healing tears of relief, and unashamedly he sobbed out his great thanksgiving. Thank God! Danny was spared!

"Could I see him now?" He asked tremulously after a while, getting a paternal grip on his feelings.

"Not now," smiled the doctor, "he is unconscious. He has not yet come from under the effects of the anesthetic. You will not be able to see him till morning. You had better go home now and get a good night's sleep; you look as though you need it."

### A White Silence and Brooding Peace

Outside they found the storm had passed away. The wind had swept the sky clear of clouds, but now even the wind had gone to sleep, and a great white silence and brooding peace had locked the weary world in sleep. A full bright moon rode high in the sky and flooded all the world with a soft white radiance, laying heavy black shadows across the even reaches of newly fallen snow. It was turning colder, and under the corner lights the snow sparkled with tiny diamond points of light.

Ensign Bristow went all the way home with Officer O'Donnell, though most of the walk was in silence. Though the sharpest pangs of the burden had been eased by the doctor's words, yet the big man was still much shaken. He was almost pitiful in his thankfulness that Danny's life was spared. As the Ensign took his hand in parting he breathed something of this gratitude to him.

Afterward, as the Ensign continued homeward alone over the fallen snow, with the Christmas moon riding high above him, he thought of another Christmas, when in the solemn midnight that shone over the little town of Bethlehem the Lord of life and love had laid aside the riches of His glory and had come to the poverty of a stable and a manger. He had been born, and lived and died

to free men from sin and the sorrow that is born of sin. With a sigh of weariness he realized that in spite of it all men continued to sin. And sin brought in its somber train sorrow and suffering. And the innocent were drawn into the aftermath of sorrow and suffering along with those who did the sinning. Thus are lives irrevocably wrapped up together. Truly no man liveth to himself alone.

He could not free himself from the memory of the big policeman's sorrow and the shadow of that grief walked with him through the silence. From the clear sky, remote, yet seeming strangely near, the moon and stars looked down serenely upon the snowy world. Upon how much unavailing sorrow and suffering that moon and those stars had looked down on through all the years that were gone. In his ears again rang the bitter cries of the stricken father. "O my son, why did you ever do it? O God! Why didn't I die before ever I saw this day?" And from the distant stars, and from the silence of the night he seemed to hear the echo of another cry, coming from the long ago, but bitter with the grief of a father's breaking heart. "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" And mingled with it the cry of all fathers through all ages who had been made to drink of the bitter cup of sorrow through the waywardness and sin of uncounted Absaloms and Dannys.

His wife had been told of what had happened on the street, and he found her still up and waiting for him when he wearily mounted the stairs to the Quarters. The wide and tender eyes that searched his face found there the marks left by the anxious and sorrow-laden hours through which he had passed. So sad was his look from the train of thought that had possessed him on his homeward way that she thought the worst had happened.

### "Is He Dead?" she Faltered

"Is he dead?" she faltered, her own face growing white.

"No," he reassured her, "he will live. But what a homecoming! Poor O'Donnell. He is heart-broken. How much better it would have been if he never came at all rather than to have come as he has! And now that he is here, I wonder what it is going to mean? How good God is to keep from our knowledge the tale that each tomorrow will have to tell! Truly sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I don't care, it is very late, you should be in bed."

But when he himself was in bed he could not sleep. He was too tired. His weary mind was too active to rest. He thought of many things. Of Danny O'Donnell struggling back to consciousness and pain in the hospital. Of Danny's father battling through the darkness with pain of another sort that would not let him sleep. Of many others. Of Will Coulter, tempted and tried. Of Helen Ormond, back once more in her father's house. Of little Alan. What would life hold for the little fellow? If Danny had wearily at last, brought many others to his attention. He seemed to feel a responsibility for them all, he bore their griefs and shared their weaknesses, and as he vainly sought for rest and forgetfulness in kindly sleep, it all made him feel that life was terrible in its hardness.

(Continued next week)

## The Centenary Call Campaign

If the folks at your Corps are not concerned about the Campaign and nothing appears to be stirring, why not get a move-on yourself? There is plenty for you to do. Ask the Officer for a few "War Crys" to sell, and that may prove a very useful reminder.

Must all before the  
Judge appear?

# WAR CRY



Then for the harvest,  
Oh, prepare

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1928

No. 38

## We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry"**. One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1801—Samuel Gibson. Age 40, tall, fair hair and complexion. Miner, missing from Drumheller, 2189—Mrs. Lillian Turner. Formerly of Montreal. Last heard of in Vancouver about 1907. Son missing.

2190—Roy Harrington. Age about 60, fair complexion, grown a mustache and is bald, height 6 ft. 3 in. Generally works as foreman in lumber camps. Last heard of at Prince George in 1924.

2194—James and Peter Laird Loggott. Left home February 29th, 1928, were then in Montreal but failed to come home. James, age 16; Peter 15. James 6 ft. Peter 5 ft. 10 in. James dark hair, Peter auburn. James has flattened upper part of nose, Peter has scar on head with cut. They may be going by name of James Laird and David Laird. Mother is anxious that the boys know that it will be all right for them to return home; or if working, write and give their address.

2195—Rasmus Peter Hansen. Danish, age 25, last heard from at Winnipeg; tall, blonde hair and blue eyes.

2196—George Dixon. Height 5 ft. 10 in., fair and 70 years of age. Last heard of in Winnipeg.

2197—William John Boone. Lived at Badger Lake four years ago. Medium height, well built, poor eyesight, wears glasses. Mother anxiously enquires.

2001—Philip or Patrick McBride, height 6 ft., sandy complexion, gold rimmed glasses, and always carried two gold lined match boxes which bore his home address: 54 Blackstone St., Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Nice desire to locate.

2120—Thomas Arthur Northey. Age 31, height 5 ft. 10½ in., dark hair, light brown eyes, dark complexion, born in Fenton Falls, Ont. Missing since August 11th, 1927. Last known address, 1666 Pender East, Vancouver. Wife and mother anxious to hear from him.

2107—Arnold Jordt Rasmussen. Danish, age 41, medium height, dark hair. Last heard from in Winnipeg. Parents very anxious for information.

2151—William C. Perrin. Last known address, Nome, Alaska; daughter Violet Winnifred Hocken is extremely anxious to locate.

2158—Josef Thorensen. Last known address, Naicoma, Sask. Brother anxiously enquires.

2169—James Hughes. Age 24, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, native of Dublin. Last known address, Winnipeg. Parents anxious for information.

2121—Charles A. Barber. Age 29, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 140 lbs., dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Laborer, mother enquiring.

2180—Alexander Dobbins. Age 55, 5 ft. 8 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, farm laborer. Native of Ballymoney, Ireland. Last address, c/o John Dunsmore, Russell, Man. Information sought by sister in Scotland.

2141—Walter Hardy. Age 46, for many years lived in Vancouver, was a R.C.M.P. Thought to be farmer. Father who is 95 wishes to know of his whereabouts.

2183—Christian Nielsen. Native of Roskilde, Denmark, age 19, lived in Winnipeg, also Rainy River, Ont. Parents anxiously enquire.

2159—John Thomsen Bøndergaard Christensen called John Christensen. Born in Høustrup, Denmark, April, 1894, was a mounted policeman. Was on police force at Drumheller, Alta. Mother very sad on account of his silence.

2162—Arthur Michael Rodeth. Norwegian, age 29, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from at Port Arthur, Ont. Parents anxious for news.

2148—Charles Scott, Canadian, last heard of at Thief River Falls, Minn. Age 56, light complexion, blue eyes, medium size, bachelor, worked at farming and woodcutting. Brother Robert enquiring. Please communicate with this office.

2210—J. C. Phillips, age 56, height 5 ft. 8 in., last heard of near Moose Jaw, formerly of Muskegon, Ontario. Brother enquiring.

2200—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2205—Ralph Loggott, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., wore glasses; last heard of at Six Mile Creek. Missing five years. Grandmother anxiously enquires.

2147—Alfred Edwin Shaw, age 50, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, native Lewisham, confectioner, missing from Calgary.

2072—Albert Victor Haakonson, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

## Annual Territorial Congress

LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH

— WITH —



Colonel Mary Booth  
(Territorial Commander for Germany)

WILL CONDUCT THE

## WINNIPEG CONGRESS

From OCTOBER 12th to 16th

Friday, Oct. 12th } A Pageant of Merciful  
Grace Church } Adventure  
Sunday, Oct. 14th } A Day of Salvation  
Capitol Theatre }  
Monday, Oct. 15th } The Congress Festival  
Grace Church }

(FURTHER DETAILS NEXT WEEK)

AND

Vancouver Congress from Oct. 19 to 23

## Salvation Songs

Tune: "Melita" or "East of the Sun"

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
If Summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When Winter sweeps the naked earth,  
Or Autumn yields its ripened earth,  
Still do we sing  
To Thee, our King.

And unto Thee glad tributes bring.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new mercies o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear;  
We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
To Thee whose bounties fill our days.

Lord of the Harvest! All is Thine!  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruit abound;  
New every year  
Thy gifts appear,  
New joys, new blessings everywhere.

Tune: "Over Jordan"

Who, when sunk in deep despair,  
Did His liberty declare,  
Welcomed Me His home to share?

It was Jesus.  
Who, when in the darkest night,  
Shed around me beams of light,  
Healed my blindness, gave me sight?

It was Jesus.  
Chorus:  
It was Jesus! It was Jesus!  
Gave me joy where once was woe,  
Healed my soul and bade me go,  
It was Jesus! It was Jesus!  
Bondage never more to know;  
It was Jesus!

Who when I His blood had spurned  
Yet to Me His face still turned,  
And for my salvation yearned?

It was Jesus!  
Who beheld my anxious tear,  
Came my saddened heart to cheer;  
Whispered mercy in my ear?

It was Jesus!  
Who, mid all my toil and care,  
Helps me every grief to bear,  
Keeps me happy everywhere?

It was Jesus!  
Who, when darkness gathers round,  
Ever near me may be found,  
Shedding glory all around?

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

It was Jesus!

## THE COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH

Assisted by THE TRAINING PRINCIPAL AND GARRISON STAFF will conduct

## The Welcome to the Cadets of the Centenary Session

in the

WINNIPEG CITADEL, on SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd (11 a.m., 3 & 7 p.m.)